THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

I WOULD.

I would we grew more gentle day by day;
I would that smiles more often came to play
About our lips, to dwell within our eyes;
I would that we could see in God's fair skies
More oft the blue and not the somber gray;
I would we grew more flowers on life's way.

I would we grew less swift to chide and blame;
I would we used more oft love's other name,
And that our hearts grew daily yet more kind;
I would we were more oft a little blind;
And in our homes and on the crowded street
I would we heard the coming of His feet.

I would we grew more like a little child;
I would our spirits were as pure as mild,
And that the child-like faith might too be ours;
I would in all life's dark and lonely hours
We, too, might put our hand in His and say,
"I'm not afraid, my Father knows the way."

—Erene E. Angleman.

THE PACIFIC

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ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

No one can read the English papers of recent date and fail to conclude that there were in England many persons who were hoping that the government would not enter into the European war, even though Germany would go so far as to disregard the neutrality of Belgium.

On the 3rd of August the London Daily News and Leader published a manifesto which was signed by such eminent men as Sir Albert Spicer, Robert Horton, the widely known Congregational clergyman, the Bishops of Hereford and Lincoln, and many others, which was in part as follows:

"If we are successful in securing the victory of Russia in this war, we shall upset the balance of power enormously by making her the dominant military power of Europe, possibly the dictator both in this continent and in Asia. Her own population numbers 170 millions, while she is the head and leader of populations numbering at least 200 millions, partly Asiatic and Mohammedan. All her history shows her to be impregnable by invasion; she has not the modern commercial life which is paralyzed by war, and she is likely to feel the strain of war less than more highly developed nations; she is able to put nearly six million men into the field, to draw upon vast resources of human military material, only partly civilized, governed by a military autocracy largely hostile to western ideas of political and religious freedom.

"Germany, on the other hand, is a nation of 65 millions wedged in between hostile States, highly civilized, with a culture that has contributed enormously in the past to Western civilization. Racially allied to ourselves, and with moral ideals largely resembling our own; possessing a commercial and industrial life that is dependent upon an orderly and stable Europe. Our two peoples have maintained unbroken peace since their earliest history.

"The last war that we fought on the Continent was for the purpose of checking the growth of Russia.

"We are told that if Germany is victorious she may annex Holland, Belgium, and Normandy, and so threaten us. However much we should condemn an attempt at such a monstrous violation of international morality, German experience in Alsace has shown that conquered provinces do not necessarily make an Empire stronger.

"It is urged that our obligations under the treaties of Belgian neutrality compel us to intervene. But such an obligation, if it existed, would compel us to resist the troops of France as much as those of Germany, in the case of the violation of the Belgian frontier.

"If Great Britain refrains from wasting her resources during the war, and is the one great European power that remains unexhausted by the drain of war, she will be at the close in the best position to exert her influence for the protection of Belgian interests; to see that justice is done and to act as arbiter in the general interest."

There are various judgments as to whether England would have made declaration of war if Belgian neutrality had not been disregarded by Germany. Our own opinion is that she would have done so at an early date. Long before Germany had disregarded Belgian neutrality, the London Times, that widely influential journal, remarked:

"We can no more afford to see France crushed by Germany, or the balance of power upset against France, than Germany can afford to see Austria-Hungary crushed by Russia and that balance upset against Austrian and Hungarian interests."

Writing some time before war was imminent, on "The Tragedy of Sarajevo and Its Import," Mr. W. B. Foster-Bovill, said in one of the leading journals:

"Not so very long ago France was within an ace of war with Germany—a struggle it would have been difficult for us to keep out of as a nation, for the reason that we could not afford to see France defeated, and the possibility of an unfriendly Teutonic navy with abundant coaling stations in the North Sea and the Channel."

In the Biritish Review in May of the present year Mr.D. C. Boulger expressed as follows the fear which has for a long time filled the minds of many of the British people:

"France and England have an equal and common interest in withstanding together the over-weening pretensions of Germany to be the mistress of Europe. The downfall of either of us must be the death-blow in a little time to the other."

Attempts to dispel this fear were generally futile. In the July number of the British Review Mr. George Renwick, an influential Englishman, replied to Mr. Boulger who read selfishness and ambition into every act which went to the building of modern Germany, and declared that "to the serious and unprejudiced student of history the whole course of events must appear in quite another light."

Mr. Renwick wrote at that time: "I most emphatically contradict Mr. Boulger's definite and implied statements that Germany from one end to the other is consumed with feelings of hatred towards England. One cannot live in Germany, especially when one has the opportunity to associate with people of all classes, without becoming convinced that the very opposite is the case, that there exists in Germany an honest admiration for England and a very strong and evident desire to live with her at peace. The rulers of the country have, on many occasions, given evidence of their fervent wish for and determination to promote and preserve peace."

As to the need in Germany for new fields for trade, Mr. Renwick wrote: "To obtain such no responsible person in Germany advocates colony-snatching by war." Dr. Rohrback, an influential German, is quoted by Renwick as having said in **Deutschland unter den Weltvolkern:** "We must resign ourselves in all clearness to the fact that there is no possibility of acquiring colonies suitable for emigration. But if we cannot have such colonies it by no means follows that we cannot obtain the advantages, if only to a limited extent, which make these colonies desirable. It is a mistake to regard the mere possession of extensive transoceanic territories, even when they are able to absorb a part of the national surplus of population, as necessarily a direct increase of power. Colonies only add to the power of the Mother Country in proportion as they trade with her, and Germany's traders to a man recognize that there are still vast regions of the world's surface in, for example, Asia Minor, and especially in South America, where she can obtain advantages every whit as real as though they were her colonies. And she can obtain them without the hazard of war."

Inasmuch as it has been so frequently asserted that Germany's vast armaments indicated something other than the defensive we quote here the words of another British writer in the Nineteenth Century for July:

"The position of Germany certainly is not particularly enviable at the present time, and though it may reasonably be charged against her that her own aggressiveness in the past he has actually provoked the dangers that she now sees gathering around her, and against which she is gallantly preparing, it would be grossly unjust as well as fatuous to contend that her warlike preparations are otherwise than essential to her security in the conditions that now prevail."

Further it should not be forgotten that Russia, Germany's enemy was the nation that began those armaments which have been the dread of all peace-loving persons for several decades. Germany had to follow for self-protection. Her vast armament no more condemns the Teuton than that of Great Britain does the Briton.

All in all the judgment of The Pacific is that England cannot be justified in her wide-spread fear of Germany. And in the interests of world civilization we have regret that she could not escape from that fear, but has put herself where she will suffer immeasurable damage whatever the outcome of the war. Before war was declared by England the London Daily News said editorially:

"Whatever the result of the war, should we engage in it, the Empire would be exposed to the gravest peril which has ever assailed it. A defeat of a Russo-Franco-British combination would shatter the British Empire to pieces. A victory of a Russo-Franco-British combination would make Russia mistress of Europe, certain to seize India."

Notwithstanding the fact that the English Government was told by loyal subjects that if it entered on war it faced the ruin of Western civilization, the die is cast, and many who would have had it otherwise are refraining from criticism.

To give further indication however of the feeling a few days before war was declared we quote once more from a communication in a London daily: "Because Russia, for purposes of her own, may wantonly break the peace of Europe to protect the Servian brood of vipers from the just chastisement of their crimes, we, forsooth, are to assist her! Have we such short memories that we forget how the same gang of military conspirators who planned the Archduke's murder assassinated in cold blood their own king and his innocent wife? That we should go to war to aid such a nation is unthinkable.

"The motives of our Yellow Press in endeavoring to drag us into the conflict, to the certain ruin of our commerce and the possible destruction of our Empire, are difficult to understand, though they admit of a sinister explanation; but it is the bounden duty of every good citizen to do his utmost to defeat their machinations.'

And as we sit and wonder what the end will be we recall the beautiful tribute paid not long ago by an English professor, Mr. C. H. Hereford, to Germany:

"Germany is the country which has most deeply felt and fathomed and most highly prized the life of the soul. If the 19th century is strewn with the wreckage of her sublime philosophies, if the desire for wealth and luxury and power seem to absorb her more and more, it is still to Germany that we turn for an assurance that the thought which wanders through eternity and wrestles, however vainly with the enigmas of the universe, is the permanent fact of civilization; and through all the roar of her forges and the clangor of her dockyards, the answer rings back clear."

Most of the best that is known and thought in the world has for a half century or more come out of Germany. England, too, has been the pride of modern civilization.

We shrink from a contemplation of the crippling or the destruction of either of these great nations.

But when we consider what Russia is, and apparently intends to continue to be, we cannot escape from the conviction that England will suffer less by defeat than by victory.

THE PECULIAR POSITION OF A GREAT LONDON PAPER.

The Spectator, a great London journal, when war was imminent, said editorially:

"Our duty is to stand by our friends, and we shall stand by them, be the burden never so heavy. But though duty is a sufficient consideration, it is not immaterial to remember that even if we were in no way bound in conscience and honor to stand by France and Russia, we must stand by them in the last resort merely from motives of self-interest."

The query arises whether self-interest is not unduly emphasized here.

But the strange thing to which we desire to call attention is the fact that the Spectator urged Italy to break her agreement with Germany and Austria-Hungary, in the same issue of the paper in which it was declared that England was in duty bound to stand by her agreement or understanding with France and Russia as members of the Triple Entente We quote as follows from The Spectator:

"If even at the eleventh hour, Italy were to tell her two colleagues in the Triple Alliance that if they did not agree to a peaceful solution of the present crisis she will not only leave the Triple Alliance, but will pass over to the other side, ally herself with the powers of the Triple Entente, and form with them a Quadruple Alliance in the interests of peace, we believe that Austria-Hungary must yield. . . . She could be expected to take such a course only if she received from Britain, Russia and France the most absolute guaranty that they would never desert her, and that they would protect her fully from Germanic and

Austro-Hungarian aggression now and in the future."

So remarkable is all this that we can hardly believe it ever to have been put forth by The Spectator though we read it there with our own eyes.

It means, as already remarked, that self-interest and not duty and honor is the paramount thing with some Englishmen. No one can get from this utterance of this great London paper other than self-interest. It stands out through the words intended to conceal it as not the motive in the last resort, but the one, first, last, and all the time.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Colonel Herbert C. Beecher, a son of Henry Ward Beecher, united recently with the Unitarian Church in Seattle.

At a recent interdenominational conference at Eugene, Oregon, one of the speakers said that he had visited not long ago eighty-six farm homes in a community in Oregon in which five churches were located, and found that over half the families had had no visit from any minister during the past two years, and that one out of four of the families had had no such visit since they had lived there. Some of these people had lived in that community thirteen, some sixteen and one family as long as fifty years; one-fifth of them over five years. There were five denominations represented in this little village, yet over one-third of the farmers in the immediate vicinity had not been inside of the church buildings during the past two years, some had not been to church in twelve, thirteen or even fourteen years. So many churches simply meant that each one was undermanned. All were getting home mission aid.

In a report of the Missionary Education Conference at Asilomar near Pacific Grove, the Pacific Churchman, representative of the Protestant Episcopal Church, says: "The spirit of the conference was most excellent. No one could fail to be impressed by the powerful missionary atmosphere. The delegates were in a sense, picked representatives. There was no one without a fixed and definite spiritual purpose. All either knew something about missions, or was anxious to learn. . . . The conference came to its close without one single untoward or unpleasant incident. It is probably too early to estimate its effect or value. It is certain that the foundations have been well laid for a series of splendid conferences. No people have a keener appreciation of a good thing than the people of the Pacific Coast and we may confidently expect an increase in attendance year by year, until we equal or exceed the great Eastern conferences."

Mr. C. A. Murdock, editor of the Pacific Unitarian, visited Hawaii recently. When in Honolulu he attended services in the Central Union Church, concerning which he writes: "It is often wondered why various denominations, differing slightly in belief, cannot unite and form one strong church instead of struggling painfully to support several which are small and weak. Honolulu has done this. This church, largely of Congregational antecedents, has been deliberately inclusive, leaving creeds among the unessentials, and making life in the spirit of Christ, the end sought. . . . As we turned to go out a kindly gentleman garbed all in white addressed us. When told that the visitor had for fifty years been a resident of San Francisco, he said, 'Then you must have known my father, Rev. Dr. Scudder, who went to San Francisco in 1865.' Very clearly his memory was recalled. The son had a few weeks before buried his wife and had not yet resumed his pulpit, but came to the church service. Expressing interest in the undenominational church, inquiry was made as to the reports showing results, and a complete publication of last year, its twenty-fifth, was given. It shows great strength and a consecrated purpose of service, and unselfishness. . . . No more eloquent tribute can be paid to its strength and character than the simple statement from its last financial report, showing that last year it raised $17,000 for its own expenses and $53,000 for others, mostly for home missionary work."

When the Rev. Dr. A. C. Shepherd was appointed chaplain for the State prison at San Quentin some of his brother ministers remarked: "I do not envy him." After he had served two weeks he wrote: "I have preached here on two different Sundays. The chapel on each ocacsion was filled with a congregation of between three and four hundred men, earnest, reverent and devout; who had voluntarily come to the service. I told them that I knew of no reason social, intellectual or spiritual, why I should preach to them in a different manner from what I had been accustomed to in other places; and as I told them the old, old story, the men listened as attentively as any congregation I have ever seen, and the response was so whole-hearted and sincere that I felt highly honored of God to be called to labor in such a fruitful field. As these men have pressed forward after the services to grasp my hand, and as I have looked into their eyes wet with their tears and heard from their trembling lips how they enjoyed the service, how they would stand by me in the work, my soul has exulted in a rapture of delight, and I cared not if I was envied or pitied by all the world beside. Let me but have the love of 'my boys,' let me but know that through my humble efforts they are coming to know my Father better and love Him more and I shall not think regretfully of all the attractions and advantages that splendid city pastorates afford." Dr. Shepherd says of one of the inmates: "His hair is silvered with age. Extremely modest, quiet and uncomplaining, he sits and writes and works in my department. One day he handed me a paper. He had written a poem. I read it and if I had been told that it was a hitherto udiscovered manuscript of Longfellow's or Lowell's or Whittier's I could readily have believed it.

"The only way to elevate the standard of our race,
The only way to bring mankind into the light of grace,
The only way to overcome the tendency toward sin,
Is to remove that selfishness which lies all hearts within.

"In vain the prayer, in vain the praise, in vain the sacrament:
These help but do not heal the soul; nor do they bring content
Unless the inner man has said, responsive to their power,
'I am my neighbor's brother and his servant from this hour.'

There is no law of God or man but finds in self its cause;
Remove that sense of self—and where the further need for laws?
If each would simply keep that rule which Christ, our Lord, made clear
And love his neighbor as himself—all wrong would disappear."

When Chaplain Shepherd read this poem in one of his talks to the men and told them it was written by one of their number there was hearty applause.

TOLSTOY'S VISION.

Tolstoy, in the summer of 1910, made a prophecy of general war in Europe, soon to take place, which stands, in the light of present events, as a document of remarkable interest. The author-revolutionist sent his prophecy as a message to the Czar, in response to a personal request made by the Czar, in compliance with the desire of the Kaiser of Germany and the King of England for a direct message from the philosopher. Tolstoy's answer, while setting 1913 instead of 1914 will be seen to have predicted with striking accuracy the manner of the beginning of the great conflict of he Powers.

Countess Nastasia Tolstoy who transmitted the message at the Czar's request, wrote of her visit to the old count:

" He listened to me curiously, and replied: 'Very strange. I would be glad to send a message to royalty; but the trouble with me is that I have writen all my life messages for the mobs. I am not accustomed to the conventions of court diction. However, I will think the matter over.'

" 'Leo Nicolaevitch, don't you have any visions of a political nature, or any prophecies on a large international scale?' I asked.

Tolstoy's Vision.

" 'A good idea,' he exclaimed. 'I have had some really strange experiences, which I could not publish as fiction. There is something which has haunted me for the past two years. I don't know how to explain the nature of it to you. I cannot call it a dream, because I have seen it often while I have been sitting at my writing-table. On other occasions it has appeared to me at twilight, before my dinner hour. I am not a believer in ghosts, nor in the spiritualistic explanation of phenomena; but I shall admit that I cannot account for the mysterious affair.'

" 'Is it a vision?' I interrupted.

" 'Something of that order, but very clear. So clear that I could draw a distinct picture of all that transpired. Furthermore, I can call up the vision at will. I am almost sure I could do it while you are here. The only difficulty is that I am not able to write anything during the time of the manifestation. My hands are absolutely paralyzed.'

" 'I shall be happy to write down what you dictate.' I urged.

" 'Very good! That settles the matter,' he replied. 'I shall try for something immediately. There on the table are pencil and paper. Or use a pen—whatever you want.'

"In a few minutes I was waiting for the great moment, pencil and paper in hand. My aged host leaned back in his chair, covered his eyes with his hands and relapsed into an apparently comatose condition.

"For ten minutes he remained absolutely motionless. Then, straightening up like one in a trance, he began in a low and hollow voice:

"This is a revelation of events of a universal character which must shortly come to pass. Their spiritual outlines are now before my eyes. I see floating upon the surface of the sea of human fate the huge silhouette of a nude woman. She is—with her beauty, pose, her smile, her jewels—a super-Venus. Nations rush madly after her, each of them eager to attract her especially. But she, like an eternal courtesan, flirts with all. In her hair ornaments, of diamonds and rubies, is engraved her name, 'Commercialism.' As alluring and bewitching as she seems, much destruction and agony follow in her wake. Her breath, reeking of sordid transactions, her voice of metallic character, like gold, and her look of greed, are so much poison to the nations who fall victims to her charms.

"And, behold, she has three gigantic arms, with three torches of universal corruption in her hands. The first torch represents the flame of war, that the beautiful courtesan carries from city to city and country to counry. Patriotism answers with flashes of honest flame, but the end is a roar of guns and of muskets.

"The second torch bears the flame of bigotry and hypocrisy. It lights the lamps only in temples and on the altars of sacred institutions. It carries the seed of falsity and fanaticism. It kindles the minds that are still in cradles and follows them to their graves.

"The third torch is that of the law, that dangerous foundation of all unauthentic traditions, which first does its fatal work in the family, then sweeps through the larger world of literature, art and statesmanship.

All Europe in Flames.

"The great conflagration will start about 1912, set by the torch of the first arm in the countries of Southeastern Europe. It will develop into a destruction and calamity in 1913. In that year I see all Europe in flames and bleeding. I hear the lamentations of huge battlefields.

"But about the year 1915 the strange figure from the north—a new Napoleon—enters the stage of the bloody drama. He is a man of little militaristic training, a writer or a journalist, but in his grip most of Europe will remain until 1925.

"The end of the great calamity will mark a new political era for the old world. There will be left no empires or kingdoms, but the world will form a federation of the United States of Nations. There will remain only four great giants—the Anglo-Saxons, the Latins, the Slavs, and the Mongolians.

"After the year 1925 I see a change in religious sentiment. The second torch of the courtesan has brought about the fall of the Church. The ethical idea has almost vanished. Humanity is without moral feeling.

"But then a great reformer arises. He will clear the world of the relics of monotheism and lay the cornerstone of the temple of pantheism. God, soul, spirit, and immortality will be molten in a new furnace, and I see the peaceful beginning of an ethical era. The man determined to this mission is a Mongolian-Slav. He is already walking the earth—a man of active affairs. He himself does not now realize the mission assigned to him by Superior Powers.

"And, behold, the flame of the third torch, which has already begun to destroy our family relations, our standards of art and morals. The relation between woman and man is accepted as prosaic partnership of the sexes. Art has become realistic degeneracy.

"Political and religious disturbances have shaken the spiritual foundation of all nations.

"Only small spots here and there have remained untouched by those three destructive flames. The anti-national wars in Europe, the class war of America, and the race wars in Asia have strangled progress for half a century. By then, in the middle of this century, I see a heroine of literature and art rising from the ranks of the Latins and Persians, the world of the tedious stuff of the obvious.

light of the torch of commercialism. In place of polygamy

"It is the light of symbolism that shall outshine the and monogamy of today there will come poetogamy—relations of the sexes based fundamentally on the poetic conceptions of life.

Ideals of a New Era.

"And I see the nations growing larger and realizing that the alluring woman of their destiny is after all nothing but an illusion. There will be a time when the world will have no use for armies, hypocritical religions, and degenerate art. Life is evolution, an evolution is development from the simple to the more complicated forms of the mind and body.

"I see the passing show of the world-drama in its present form, how it fades like the glow of evening upon the mountains. One motion of the hand of commercialism and a new history begins."

"The late author-reformer finished, opened his eyes and looked at me slightly confused.

" 'Had I gone to sleep?' he asked me. 'I beg your pardon.'

"When I read the vision-talk to him, he listened gravely, and nodded, saying that it was correct. Upon my request he signed the document and handed it to me with a blessing. I left him the same day and immediately upon my arrival informed the Czar of my readiness to see him.

"I was received at the court in an informal way and led into the Czar's private study. I handed him the paper. He opened it nervously and read with pronounced agitation..

" 'Well, it's very interesting,' he said. 'I will make a copy for myself and forward the other copies, with translations, to the Kaiser of Germany, and through him to the King of England. The original shall be kept in my private archives. I shall ask the Kaiser and the King not to make any comments on the matter, as I do not like to figure as an intermediary between them and the old man whose seditious writings I do not like generally.' "

The Kaiser of Germany is reported to have called the document the most striking prophecy in history.

SOME VACATION HOURS WITH A GENIAL CHURCHMAN

Rev. Herbert Atchinson Jump.

If a summer resident in rock-adorned La Jolla had stumbled into the Congregational church last Sunday, he would have seen a sight to amaze. Three shining clergymen, in all the vestments and regalia of an Episcopal evening prayer, were occupying the platform ordinarily attuned to a less conspicuous color scheme. One of the three white gowned clergy was Reverend David Gilmore, summer supply of the Episcopal church in La Jolla. Another of the trio was Rev. Shelton Bissell, Congregational minister of the entertaining church. For one presumably unpracticed in the art of wearing the liturgical millinery of our Anglican friends, Mr. Bissell filled the role gracefully. The third of the three clergymen was the excuse and reason for the union vesper service that brought about this unwonted spectacle.

Dean George Hodges, head of the Episcopal Divinity School, Cambridge, Mass., author of a dozen volumes, frequent contributor to the Atlantic Monthly, specialist in Bible stories for children, expert in religious education, popular as university preacher and leader in the Broad Church wing of the Episcopal communion, a typical and significant figure in the present age of religious development in the United States, was the preacher of the afternoon. To do him honor the Congregational church of La Jolla had mildly Anglicized itself for the time being, and a large audience had gathered to hear the Dean's message. He was the guest for several days of the Reverend and Mrs. Shelton Bissell, the latter of whom was a former parishioner and a valued friend. During these days it was my privilege to be with Dean Hodges more or less, conversing with him at leisure and acting as his chauffeur on trips to Old Mexico, Madame Tingley's Theosophical Institute at Point Loma and elsewhere. The experience was so illuminating and altogether delightful that I am moved to pass on to the readers of The Pacific some of the harvest of good things I reaped from his abundant intellectual fertility.

Dean Hodges is a business man's man. He is short of stature, brusk and direct in his personal contacts, possessed of a warm sense of humor, a fearless critic of mere form and by the same token a bold worshiper of reality, just the sort of Episcopalian that our Congregational moderator, Charles E. Brown, would become, if by any miracle he became an Episcopalian at all. Incidentally his style of preaching resembles that of Dean Brown, so highly esteemed and so frequently imitated here on the Coast. His sentences are terse and quick, like revolver shots. His style exhibits the angularity of an unconcealed logical structure. The sense of the droll flits across his paragraph occasionally, like a shaft of sunshine surprising the face of the ocean on a day of high fog. He thinks in terms that you and I—not Paul and Calvin—are wont to use. And ever his spirit breathes a fine tolerance, broad as the far horizons of our California mesas.

"Is the movement in the Episcopal church noticeably toward Broad church ideals?" I inquired. "Yes," was the answer. "The democratic spirit of the age demands it. And then, too, the great modern word 'efficiency' is obliterating some of the issues that used to separate High Church and Broad Church. For example, there are not a few churches today that use wafer bread in the Sacrament. A few years ago that fact would have meant Catholic tendencies. Now it merely means that wafer bread is more convenient and satisfactory for the ritual. The churches that adopt it do so quite without any liturgical implications."

"How about church unity?" I asked further, as we spun along one morning on an eighty mile auto trip that carried us as far as the bull-ring of Tia Juana, Mexico. "Will you Episcopalians ever interpret your apostolic succession and your sacerdotal program so that we liberty-loving, free churchmen can join in with you?"

"We are so interpreting it even now, many of us," he answered to my surprise. "Apostolic succession? We are defining that nowadays in terms of efficiency, not supernatural grace. We hold to ordination by bishops, not because this makes the only valid ministry, but because it is the most convenient and workable form of perpetuating the church idea. I have just been holding a summer conference at West Newport with a number of our clergy, and we discussed this matter in a way that seemed to startle some of them. 'There is a great difference between a valid ministry and a regular ministry,' I told them in our meetings up there. 'Judged by Episcopal standards a ministry

is not regular unless there was the laying on of the bishops' hands. But without this ceremonial many a ministry has undoubtedly been valid, for validity is tested not by historic form but by spiritual productiveness. By their fruits ye shall know them.'

"Now the main point in the position some of us are holding today with regard to our form of church administration is that it will give better results than any other form. It has the historical tradition of the church behind it. It has the ecclesiastical tendencies of the present day in its favor. Your Amory Bradford and your Nehemiah Boynton were in reality archbishops of the Congregational church, only you were afraid of the name. Most people in organized religion, however, unlike you Puritans, have an affection for the ancient names. Many a man, we have found, will go into some difficult missionary field if we appoint him a bishop, who would not go there if we called him a general missionary. In the long run the easiest foundation on which to erect a unified protesantism is that portrayed in the New Testament and the practice of early church. We invite you all to join us in it, not because it is the supernatural authorized program, but because it is the program that is most likely to work."

Thus defined by the common sense of Dean Hodges, the Episcopal system loses some of those divisive characteristics which have made it an object of suspicious and unappreciative comment among many Congregationalists. Perhaps if we all were to read his little volume entitled "The Episcopal Church," we all might lay it down with the same unalarmed comment that was made recently by Dr. S. L. Crothers, the minister of the First Unitarian Church in Cambridge, Mass. He had read it to his wife, and as they finished the little book, he said, "Why not?"

A churchman not claiming omniscience or divine favoritism properly equipped with worldly wisdom, an altogether natural Christian, Dean Hodges is uniquely fitted to lead and teach young men and women. The life-purpose he evidently has set to himself is the restoration of religion to its place of power in the common life of humanity. Hence his emphasis on religious education, his "Bible Stories Retold for Children" in the Ladies' Home Journal, his editing of a series of readers for the surreptitious moral training of day school pupils. Hence his delightful volume, "Everyman's Religion." Hence this story related by him with deep and appreciative zest:

"In the autobiography of Anatole France which I was reading lately, he describes a period in his boyhood when he was eager to acquire some of those surpassing moral glories achieved by the saints of the church. After canvassing all the holy men of the calendar he decided that Saint Simeon Stylites came the nearest to being the sort of a saint he wanted to be, and that therefore Saint Simeon of the pillar was the worthiest of imitation. Hunting around for a pillar upon which he might establish himself, it seemed that the kitchen table was the most convenient place for a real martyr's column. He climbed upon the table and was about to achieve saintly glory by long abiding there and by much fasting, when the household pounced down upon him, the cook cleared the table for action, and he, poor lad! was dragged ignominiously off to the nursery. Whereupon he added to his boyish philosophy of life this article, not untrue to the experience of many an adult:

" 'It is always very hard to be a saint in the midst of one's family.' "

Redlands, Calif.

MORAL IMPOTENCE.

A Sermon by Rev. R. J. Campbell of the City Temple, London.

"He found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."—Hebrews xii. 17.

The solemn warning embodied in these words and the verses immediately preceding has been a cause of much searching of heart to many good and pious people at different times, for it seems to imply that there is a point beyond which a sinful soul may earnestly desire to repent and be unable to do so; that it may have to know all the tortures of remorse without a glimmer of hope; may be irretrievably fixed and confirmed in its evil ways while hating and loathing them. One cannot but shudder at such a prospect. Imagine being able to see clearly your own miserable lost condition, to be fully aware of the good you have forfeited, even to be capable of a desperate longing to escape the one and regain the other, and yet to be utterly and hopelessly debarred from making the faintest motion towards a true change of heart. Think of wanting to repent and not being able to repent. Think of the endurance of penal suffering combined with the desire to experience once more the power to choose between good and evil, and to realise that that power no longer exists, that feeling and volition are both unchangeably thrown on the side of evil. That must be hell indeed! A more fearful picture of divine judgment upon human wickedness can scarcely be conjured up, or, perhaps I should say, of the inexorable operation of the law of cause and effect, the gradual petrifying of the moral nature by a long course of sinful indulgence persisted in till spiritual susceptibility is dead.

The late Dr. Darwin once confessed, I think, that by his habitual life-long concentration on one particular kind of interest—namely, that of investigation into biological processes and phenomena attaching thereto, he had destroyed within himself the capacity for appreciating esthetic delights, such as good literature, painting and music. His mind, he rather mournfully said, had become a sort of machine for grinding out laws. His mental recreation was to read, I am told, sensational novels with no pretence either to beauty of style or elevation of thought. The great scientist was well aware of his loss in this respect; it was perhaps inevitable; he had to sacrifice literary and artistic culture to the absorbing demands of his special vocation, and we are the beneficiaries thereof. But it is possible that in the region of morals, and of the spiritual life properly so called, a similar atrophy of faculty can take place, and that the soul undergoing it can realise the loss as plainly as Darwin did in another sphere? The author of "The Origin of Species" was a good man, a very lovable man; what I have been saying about spiritual loss cannot possibly apply to him; but does the analogy hold good in regard to the things of the soul as in those of the mind? My text seems to say so. It suggests on the face of it that a man may so trifle with his higher nature, so trample on his finer impulses, so stifle the rebukes of conscience, that he may come in time to be incapable of anything else, to be permanently shackled to the baser part he has deliberately and continously chosen. The discovery may cause him great anguish, and at the same time be totally inconsistent with any effective desire for amendment. He can suffer, but he cannot repent; he may wish he could repent, but the power to do it is gone. Is not the idea inconceivably

dreadful? One can hardly think of anything more appalling than such a doom as this.

Now, it is no part of my duty as a preacher of the Gospel to prophesy smooth things, but I ought to say frankly here that this is not quite what was in the writer's mind. What he had in view was serious enough without our adding anything to it. Adressing the primitive Jewish Christian Church, this unnamed author warned its members against apostasy of which apparently some of them were in danger. And in illustration of the sad results accruing therefrom, he instances the case of Esau, who, he says, "for one morsel of meat sold his birthright." If you will turn for a moment to the story of Esau, as given in the book of Genesis, I think you will see the meaning of what follows. "For ye know that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected, for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." Clearly this has nothing to do with eternal punishment, or the irremediable forfeiture of spiritual life, or anything of the sort. It says nothing about the condition of the soul after death, or even about incurable inability to repent in this world. That is not the point at all. The point is that Esau light-heartedly exchanged one earthly destiny for another, and could not get back to the point of departure; he could not escape the consequences of his folly, and this taught him a much-needed lesson. Esau is not the only man who has had the same lesson to learn and a bitter lesson it is.

We read in the Genesis narrative that Esau cared a great deal more for the pleasures of the chase than for any idealism. We can easily gather what his disposition was. In some ways he was much more admirable than his brother Jacob, who supplanted him. He gives one the impression of being a frank, open-hearted, straight-forward, rough, and rather passionate man with little or nothing of spirituality in his composition. We can see how generous he was from the ungrudging way in which he forgave Jacob later on for what was undoubtedly a lasting injury. I question if Jacob would ever have forgiven him the offense if it had been the other way round. Jacob was naturally slyer, craftier, meaner than his brother. But there was this great difference between them, that Jacob had a soul which could rise farther above the earth than Esau's. All Esau's good was bound up with material things; Jacob, on the contrary, could, and did, aspire to communion with God. So far as natural gifts were concerned, Esau is much more attractive than Jacob; but Jacob had that indefinable something, that touch of the super-sensuous, that redeems human nature from grossness and reveals its affinity with the divine.

I know lots and lots of men like Esau—full of spirit, kind and generous, would scorn a lie, cherish no animosities,, are good comrades, brave fighters, but who never get an inch away from the earth in anything they do or seek. They don't understand what you mean when you talk about spiritual life and its special problems, joys and sorrows; the life of the flesh is good enough for them; apparently they have not the faintest spark of what is ordinarily termed religion in their make-up. They do not see the value of their spiritual birth-right, their privilege of attaining to fellowship with God, to union with Christ, to become partakers of the life eternal. Esau's birthright carried with it, you remember, the office of priesthood, of being the representative and interpreter of God to the family of which he was the head, to take the lead in worship and sacrifice. But, it is said, he despised this; it was to him negligible in comparison with the grosser and more exciting occupations of the mighty hunter. "What profit shall this birthright do to me?" he cried, when he saw the mess of pottage before his eyes, and heedless of the future he satisfied his appetite at the cost of his soul.

The story may be in part allegory, as some eminent scholars say it is, but it is true to life. Jacob may stand for the Israelitish people and Esau for Edom; and the issue here declared may be between the religious view of life taken by Israel and the more carnal one taken by the Bedouin Arab, and, if so, it is a marvellous forecast of the place taken in history by these two peoples respectively. There is no comparison whatever between what Israel has done for the world, with all her faults, and what Edom has done—the spiritual is stronger than the carnal after all. But, to stick to the narrative, observe how Esau repents of his bargain when it comes to the pinch. He is sorry enough for his shortsightedness, bitterly regrets his mistake, but he cannot undo it; he has to abide by the results. "And when Esau heard the words of his father, he cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry, and said to his father, Bless me , even me also, O my father." "Hast thou but one blessing, my father? Bless me, even me also, O my father. And Esau lifted up his voice and wept." And this is what the writer of my text means when he says that Esau found no place of repentance though he sought it carefully with tears. It was not that he himself did not repent, he did repent and that sorely; but he could not get out of the consequences of what he had done; he could not begin again, reverse the facts, put things as they were before he made the fatal choice. For the truth was that the mischief was not done all in a moment; it was his own character, the general tendency of his life, that had impelled him to that choice; the act itself was of small importance compared with the long course of action that had preceded it. And now he had to go on, accept the future as he had made it, and do the best he could with the opportunities it contained. And it is distinctly stated in the ancient record that the promise was made to him that if he did this well the time would come when he should get above the disability he had brought upon himself and free himself from its thraldom. "It shall come to pass when thou shalt have the dominion, that thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck."

Ecclesiastical Christian doctrine for many centuries has been that the destiny of the soul is irrevocably fixed at the moment of death, that if one dies in mortal sin, impenitent, alienated from God, there is no more hope of change. The will remains in rigid unalterable opposition to good, just as the tree swallowed up by some sudden subsidence of the soil in which it grows forthwith stops growing but does not perish; it becomes fossilised, turned to stone, the semblance of a living tree, but lasting inumerable ages longer than any living tree has ever done, only it will never put forth another shoot, never bud or blossom again. This condition of the soul, we have been taught, exposes it to unending torments; it suffers, and must go on suffering for ever and ever; its loss is eternal, and there is no appeal against it, no second chance. Earthly life is the period of probation up to the very last moment at which one draws breath, but after that repentance is out of the question; the sinner can bemoan his loss, but cannot sincerely desire to free himself from his sin. Frankly, I do not believe this. I could not believe it without, to my per-

ception, denying both the love and the justice of God. It is too arbitrary, too artificial, too forensic altogether. I hope there are not many of us who could endure heaven if we knew that even one human being, made in the image of God, was excluded from its joys for ever and ever, and condemned to writhe in pain and despair.

But do not let us forget that there is a great truth in this, all the same. No man may sin against the light with impunity, no man can crush out his finest and noblest susceptibilities, and yet be as if he had done the opposite. It is not God who punishes him when he does that; he punishes himself. He flings himself into a bottomless pit, and goes on sinking and sinking. I am obliged to confess here that I see no reason why this downward tendency should ever stop except that I cannot feel that God's sovereign grace can ultimately be defeated or His holy purpose for any soul be finally frustrated. Otherwise, however, what is there to arrest the descent? I am afraid it is only too terribly true in this sense that the pit of hell is bottomless. Go on sinning, and you go on falling into deeper and ever deeper darkness and death; you become less and less capable of responding to the appeals of life and light; and you may know it, and the knowledge may wrap your soul in torturing flames, and yet you may be unable to grasp at deliverance, unable perhps even to wish for it with pure and sincere desire. A drunkard, or a victim of the drink habit, will sometimes tell you that his only heaven is to yield himself completely to the temptation which is destroying him, to plunge into debauch, to satisfy his burning lust with that which makes it worse. And this is hell too, "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." He cannot check the craving by which he is consumed; he can scarcely think of anything else; it masters him wholly. Do you think he does not know he is damned? He knows it only too well. In Robert Hugh Benson's "Light Invisible" there is a harrowing description of a different kind of experience, but with the same verdict at the end of it. He pictures a man who had made a succes of life as far as appearances went; he was wealthy, cultured, powerful. But somehow things were not well with him, and, according to Mgr. Benson's story, the man himself confessed as much in a burst of confidence, and this is how the skilful author presents the case, putting the narrative into the mouth of a good priest.

"I sat and watched his strong, sinewy hand rise and fall with the cigarette, under the red lamplight; I glanced at his quiet, well-bred face with the downcast eyes and the long moustache, and I wondered whether it was possible really for such a tale to be true; but he spoke with a restrained conviction that left no room for doubt. What I gathered from the story was this: that he had identified himself, his whole will, his whole life practically, with the cause of Satan. I could not detect as he talked that he had ever seriously attempted to detach himself from that cause. It has been said that a saint is one who always chooses the better of the two courses open to him at every step; so far as I could see this man had always chosen the worse of the two courses. When he had done things that you and I would think right, he had always done them for some bad reason. He had been continously aware, too, of what was happening. I do not think that I have ever heard such a skilful self-analysis. Now and then, as I saw the gulf of despair towards which his talk was leading, I interrupted him, suggesting alleviations of the horror—suggesting that he was pessimistic—that he had acted often under misconceptions—and the like; but he always met me with a quiet answer that silenced me. In fact," said the priest, who was beginning to tremble a little, " I have never thought it possoble that a heart could be so corrupt and yet retain so much knowledge and feeling." ..... "God forgive me if I was wrong—if I am wrong now—but this is what I think I saw.

"Out of his eyes looked a lost soul. As a symbol, or a sign, too, his eyes shone suddenly with that dull red light that you may see sometimes in a dog's eyes. It was the paena damni of which I had read which shone there. It was true, as he said, that he was seeing clearly what he had lost and would lose; it was the gate of heaven opening to one who could not enter in. It was the chink of light under the door to one who cried, 'Lord, Lord, open to me,' but through the door there came that answer, 'I know you not.' Ah! it was not that he had never known before what God was, and His service and love; it was just his condemnation that he had known; that he had seen, not once nor twice, but again and again, the two ways, and had, not once nor twice, but again and again, chosen the worse of those two, and now he was powerless."

This is a terrifying picture, and all the more so because we cannot but admit that it is faithful to the facts of life. This is what is going on in our midst every day and hour. It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance and solemnity of the warning it conveys. You cannot afford to trifle with your own soul or to flout the laws of God. You cannot live for the flesh and ignore the claims of the spirit without finding out sooner or later that you have chained the spirit to the flesh, and the chains will remain even when the flesh is gone. But my text is a gospel nevertheless, though it does not look it. We saw just now, when inquiring into the allusion it makes, that the particular man thus spoken of did find his way back to God, though by a long and ardous road. There is not a word here about eternal reprobation, but only of a prodigal in a far country whither he had gone himself. Step by step he had to come back. Things could not be with him as though he had never sold his birthright; he could not shake off the dominion of the flesh in five minutes after living for it for fifty years. But if I have learned Christ aright, the Good Shepherd comes to the far country to find His sheep. Suffering is only to awaken the soul. It cannot save the soul; only Christ can do that. But at least it does reveal to the soul its lost condition and its need of God. Moreover—and I say this with deep solemnity and the strongest emphasis in my power—the soul that can suffer is not dead, but alive; its pain is the sign that there is something worth saving. And Christ will save. You may get very far away from the inheritance of the saints in light, but you cannot get away from God; you cannot outdistance His love. "If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; if I take my bed in hell, behold Thou art there." The feeblest cry of a derelict soul brings Christ to its relief. You cannot unmake the past; you cannot unmake yourself. You are what you are, and you stand where you stand, but He is able to save to the uttermost those that come unto God by Him.

Never suffer yourself to be subdued by melancholy; it is among the things that will most injure you. It is impossible to preserve in the path of holiness, if we give not ourselves to it with joy. The love of God should impart peace to the soul.—Madame de Guyon.

THE NEW CAIN.

W. H. Morse.

"'There stands the signed of God!'"

The speaker was a Roman Catholic priest. He made the remark, employing the quotation, slowly and deliberately.

It was a busy scene. The Hoboken pier was alive with people. In less than an hour the big ocean liner would sail. Men and women were hurrying aboard. The dock hands were at their busiest. All was haste and confusion. As usual, the steerage passengers were already aboard, and the late-comers were those with the stop-watches, first and second cabin people, making the flight close up to the fall of the flag.

Because he was not of their kind, the man of whom the priest spoke was noticeable. He was plain, and plainly an Italian, a workingman, carrying a grip and a package. He was bound for the steerage, and stood back deferentially as some ladies went aboard. As he stood there, the priest made the observation:

"'There stands the signed of God!'"

The priest's companion caught the words, surprised.

"Why, that quotation referred to Cain!" he said.

"To Cain," the priest agreed.

"And what? You were speaking of that Italian laborer?" the other asked.

"I was!" was the laconic reply. There was a scowl in his voice, but a smile was on his lips as he continued: "The Lord appointed a sign for Cain, set a mark on him. We do not agree as to what it was, and it is immaterial whether it was a black mark, or whether his countenance was as a fine ruby smitten by the sun. It was a distinguishing mark. Some recent scholars, both Catholic and Protestant, incline to think that the agony of the murderer's guilt wrought a change in his face,—as in the face of this Italian!"

The companion, not a yard from the laborer, looked at him closely.

"I see nothing about that man that betokens guilt, remorse, or anything like!" he said. "What? If he is a Black Hand man of the Cain type, there is no indication of the fact. I should call him an ordinary, hard-working man, going home to Italy."

"And for what purpose!" the priest exclaimed. "See that authadestical look! What a smug expression! 'Going home!' Certainly; and he glories in it. That self-satisfied look is his mark! He and his kind are the troublers of Italy, and of the church of Rome."

"That man?"

"Yes; that man. True, he appears harmless enough, and nothing dangerous about him; but such as he infuse detestable microbes into the blood of faith. I know him. In that package he has Protestant Bibles and portions of Scripture to distribute in Italy. As soon as an Italian is taken up by the Protestants, on his arrival in America, he has no ambition but to return home to tell others of the stuff instilled into him, and to carry those Bibles. He is eager to tell about America, and all his friends are eager to hear about it. The consequence is that he bolsters up Waldensianism and other heresies, and leads others to think as he does."

"Ah, a missionary!" the other said.

"If you choose to call it so," the priest rejoined, coldly. "But that is not all. Look at that man! Do you know why I call him by the name of Cain? Do you know that in the propagation of Modernism he is a factor utmost to dread?"

The other man laughed, and the laugh said "Impossible!" The priest was earnest when he spoke.

"Modernism," he said, "has permeated Italy. It is in the seminaries, among the clergy, inspiring the sceptics. What is its definition? A movement within the very walls of the church to question traditional beliefs. It has a certian respect for the corporate experience of the church, and if confined within the walls, it would be only a question of time when it would be suppressed. It is true that its literature is spread abroad, but it does not reach the common herd, the rank and file. But what does? Who does? Who but men like that man? Such as he remove the hedge set about the Bible for the good of the people. As soon as the people hear these heretics from America and get hold of those books, they decry the faith as to tradition. Why, man, what can be more damnable? The canons of the Council of Trent declare that the sacred Scriptures and unwritten traditions preserved in continuous succession in the church, deserve equal affection of piety and reverence. We hold and know, as the Council decreed, that 'every sort of doctrine which is to be delivered to the faithful is contained in the Word of God, which is divided into Scripture and tradition.' But these fellows lead people to discredit and then repudiate all sacred tradition. Yes, we are told that Cain went and built a city, but this Cain is doing his best to demolish a sacred building!"

The new Cain went aboard the steamer, and the flag dropped.

Hartford, Conn.

SUPPRESSED LIVES.

Bishop Samuel Fallows.

The attention of the world was called a few years ago to the life of a man who seemed to be almost unknown to his contemporaries. But no man in his time in all Europe had more influence in determining the destiny of nations than Baron Stockman.

He was the power behind thrones. He was the intimate confidant of princes. He rendered the most important services to England and to Germany. His was one of those "suppressed lives" which are so often of commanding power as expressed in kings, statesmen and parliaments.

Such lives are to be found in literary circles. It is often a matter of great surprise that such marvels of erudition and widest compass of reading in the domain of metaphysics, philosophy, theology and ecclesiastical history can be produced by a single man in the compass of a short life, as is given the world by many a German writer.

But the secret is, that behind the life of the author, who may receive all the praise of the public, are scores of suppressed lives. There are the men of culture and training who are doing the toiling drudgery, wading through volume after volume, finding the verifying quotations.

It was stated to me by a friend, who obtained the information direct from Mr. Moody, that Mr. Spurgeon told our great American evangelist he had two gentlemen constantly employed in ransacking libraries and book stores to find material, illustrations, etc., for his sermons.

Without the suppressed lives of these two persons it would have been impossible for him to lead the busy life he was living, and to preach with unvarying freshness the thousands of sermons, and to write the hundreds of articles he was constantly giving to the people.

It is well known in the business world that suppressed lives play a most important part. Many an employer is de-

pendent upon the labors of the faithful men unknown to the public, who have mastered all the intricacies of a vast complicated enterprise, and upon whom they implicitly depend for advice in its management.

The New Testament brings before us the same great fact and law. St. Paul, after his somewhat depressing visit to Athens, found a home in the humble abode of Aquilla and Priscilla in the busy city of Corinth.

In the house of these lowly laborers he obtained rest, refreshment and strength. Working with these faithful disciples of Jesus Christ, side by side, in the plebian craft of tent making, the great apostle to the Gentiles derived new zeal and energy for his world-wide mission, from their conversation and example. In the same home these eloquent Alexandrian Apollos found shelter and instruction. Baptized with the baptism of John only, believing that all the Messianic prophecies were about to be fulfilled in a Savior yet to come, he was imperfectly fitted for preaching the Gospel—the glad tidings of great joy. Not to the schools of renown, not to the masters of philosophy whose fame was known throughout the Roman Empire did this silver-tongued, impassioned, truthseeking and truth-loving orator go, but to these two unknown believers in a Savior who had already come.

Taught by them, he preached with vehement power and yet with all the grace and beauty that classic Greece could confer, through her unsurpassed teachers of rhetoric, the truth as it is in Jesus. In his life, full of eloquent thought and speech, and still more eloquent deed, their suppressed lives found a beautiful and glorious expression.

These two lives may justly stand for the lives of the great multitude of teachers, in the Sunday schools of our land. Suppressed lives mostly they are. Comparatively unrecognized is the influence they are exerting upon the destinies of the millions of children entrusted to their care.

They are the silent, unobtrusive workers in the fields which are to bend with the illimitable harvests of the future. Without any compensation but that which comes from the consciousness of doing good, they meet patiently and faithfully their classes from week to week. It is a spectacle on which angels never before gazed. No arithmetic can compute the value of such disinterested services.

It ought not to be forgotten in connection with this fact that fully three-fourths of all these Christian instructors are of the gentler sex. It was a woman and not a man who was the pioneer in the Sunday School work. Some years before Robert Raikes gathered in the waifs from the streets into his memorable school, a humble Christian woman, Mary Bailey, had already anticipated his world-renowned effort, and instructed the children of her neighborhood in sacred themes on the Lord's Day.

The teachers in our so-called secular schools are working unobtrusively, laying the very foundations of the characters of the coming men and women of our country. We often give them grudgingly the pittance they receive, and too frequently it is an occasion of glorying on the part of some who engage them, that they have secured their services for such an insignificant sum. It is a glorying in their shame to pay the lowest of all salaries for the highest of all work.

It is an encouragement, however, that some now do appreciate the labor and the significance of their suppressed lives far more than those who have preceded us. The early biographers of Milton were very careful to have it understood that it was extremely doubtful whether he ever demeaned himself in teaching school. Dr. Johnson says one of them contended that he taught, if ever he did teach, without receiving pay, and another that he taught "simply through a zeal for knowledge."

Chalmers was not deemed worthy while a teacher, to sit at the table with the parents of the children he instructed.

We recognize now in the school teacher the peer of any and all. More potent is the "schoolmaster armed with his primer" than the general armed with his sword. The bloodless battles of the one are grander and farther reaching than the bloodiest conflicts of the other.

Alexander's victories are over and his kingdom shattered into fragments; the conquests of his tutor Aristotle have completely overshadowed the glory of the world's conqueror and have been renewed as the generations come and go.

It is a gratification to the teacher in the remotest and most thinly attended frontier school to know that men who are filling all lands with their fame are foremost to recognize the value of the influence of the instructors of their early days. Klopstock in the very height of his popularity strewed flowers over the grave of his teacher as we strew flowers over the graves of our sacred dead.

Daniel Webster, in the fullness of his "godlike" powers, delivered a eulogy on Master Tappan, "teacher of his infant years."

In St. Paul's words to Timothy regarding his mother and grandmother we have the recognition of the power of the home. An ampler life has been opened to woman than ever before in our day. The absurd and unjust discriminations which have been made against her, simply because she is a woman, are ceasing. The old heathen notions of her essential inferiority are life compared with the lives of the husband who rejoices in her, and of the children who call her blessed.

The most thorough-going infidel cannot deny that Christianity, above all other systems, guards and glorifies the home; that it has given to the wife and mother the unique and peerless positons they hold in the countries where the highest civilization is enjoyed. The Bible we prize always honors the home. The grandmother Lois and the mother Eunice are the types of tens of thousands of wise and loving grandmothers and mothers in the sheltering homes of Christendom.

Who can estimate the influence of the suppressed lives in these homes? Only a few names of the mothers of great men are known. In that obscure country rectory of Epworth lived the mother of the Wesleys. The husband was a dreamy, poetical, unpractical man. The household quiver was full and running over with children. She was the teacher of them all. John Wesley was taught by her the alphabet for the twentieth time that, in her own language, "the nineteenth might not be in vain." She kept up with the classical studies of her boys until they went away from home to school and college. She managed her large family with the economy extolled by "Poor Richard," with the discipline of West Point, and yet in the loving spirit of the home at Bethany. She was the constant counselor of her once seemingly stupid, but now most gifted son, John, and the earnest defender, if not the originator, of the greatest ecclesiastical movement of our day—the coming to the front in every Christian enterprise of the day men and women of the church.

She stood in her old age by the side of that son when as the foremost religious leader of the century, he preached on Kensington Commons, the memorable sermon to twenty thousand persons where "the slain of the Lord" lay in

windrows before him. The gray-haired, bent and silent mother was speaking in the burning words and ringing tones of the great reformer. The mother of Washington lived and triumphed in the matchless deeds of the father of his country.

The comforting truth conveyed to us all is this, that service of any kind done for Christ and his cause is not unrecognized by our ever watchful Lord and Master.

However obscure our sphere, or apparently unimportant our task, the result of our faithful devotion shall be influential and the reward certain. The largest part of that reward shall consist in knowing on that final day the good that we have accomplished here on the earth. "Work done for God it dieth not."

THE TEST OF EMPHASIS.

Next to sincerity, there is no surer test of sanity either in the individual man, or the group, than the test of emphasis. Not so much, what does one do or refrain from doing? or, what does he believe or fail to believe? as, where do his emphases fall? Not, does he go to the theatre? but does the theatre mean more to him than the church? Not, does he smoke? but, is his cigar more to him than his home? "First things first" is a beacon principle for a well-directed life.

The two great potencies for creating and normalizing the emphases of life are religion and education. Religion calls out the major emphases; education tempers and adjusts the major and minor emphases to a true harmony and proportion. No life can possess genuine sanity and strength in which the religious interest is wanting. Reference lies at the root of morality and thus of normality. This is the music in the soul without which one is "fit for treason, stratagems and spoils." To be irreligious is to be in the last analysis, inhuman; to be unreligious is to be unhuman. For religion means the recognition of personal ties that bind us to the Divine.

On the other hand the life that has no interest except religion—in the narrower sense—is neither completely sane nor rightly religious. For life is so manifold and varied in its righteous interests that to violate any that are good and pure is out of keeping with that organization of duties which religion enjoins and education fosters. Second things second and third things third and so on down the line, is part of that normal life-principle which begins, "First things first." Unless the unemphasized factors are present and in their place emphasis fails of its effect.

The same is true of doctrine as of life. The right placing of emphasis here means all the difference between sanity and fanaticism, between a rational and irrational Christianity. Progress in the church in this direction in recent years has been rapid and releasing. The confusion between essentials and non-essentials is giving way. The failure to discriminate between the symbolic and the literal, the cardinal and the incidental, is disappearing. The issue between the Bishop of Oxford and Professor Sanday illustrates this progress. The modern church is coming to recognize that it is not belief in a literal Virgin Birth but in the transcendent personality for which it stands that counts; not, the report of an empty tomb, but the reality of a deathless Christ.

The church of the future will not be a creedless church but one that has come to grasp essentials, that has learned where to place its emphasis. Thus it will become a commanding church and a united church.

JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM.

Among the Churches.

Los Angeles, First.—At the Twilight Communion Service of August 2 twenty-four persons were received into this church. Two of these were from the Japanese Branch Church and one was the little son of the pastor of the Chinese Branch Church. The last weekly letter from Dr. Day, read at the mid-week service of the 5th, said they went to Holland on July 20, and were to go to Switzerland July 23, where they intended to spend the month of August. The meeting voted to send them a wireless to give them a welcome while they were on the ocean. And as they might be coming very soon, it was voted to complete arrangements at once.

Ventura.—On August 16th I had the privilege of ministering to our church in this lovely sea-side city. It is the pioneer church in that community. It has an admirable location, with a plain but commodious meeting-house and a good parsonage. But something has been the matter with it during these later years. Some statements made to me by godly and loyal members, not now but recently, lead me to think that it is a case of spiritual starvation. The "bread of God," the "bread which cometh down out of heaven," which Jesus declares is **himself**, has been withheld, and something else offered instead which can never satisfy the spiritual hunger or edify a church of Christ. The time came when, left without a pastor and making no earnest effort to secure one, its public worship suspended, it became a question whether it should not be left to die. "Ventura is overchurched," people said, and to remedy such a condition let the Congregational church die. It is hinted that this expression was somewhat current among sister churches, some of which might be regarded historically as daughters of this one. It would seem that if this sad condition, a town overchurched, did really exist, the one to retire might be the latest intruder, instead of the mother of them all. It reminds me somewhat obscurely of a sad state of things in a New England church in which the two deacons had disagreed and were at enmity. At length one of them went to the other and after telling him with tears in his eyes of the scandal and sore wounding of Christ in his own household, which their strained relationship was producing, added, "And now, brother, you must give in, for I can't." I am glad to say that I found no corpse in the Ventura meeting-house. God sent them Rev. A. F. Skeele, who, though unable at present to reside in Ventura, and spending with his flock only three days in each week, has so fed them with the "living bread" that they are manifestly not only alive but in health and growing. At their last communion seven were added to their number—helpful additions. The Sunday-school is reorganized and doing good work. The attendance on public worship is not large, but is increasing, while the attention given to the word is such as to make it a joy to speak to them.

W. P.

Plymouth Church, Oakland, announced last week a course of five lessons in "The Fundamental Principles of Mental Healing to be given on Tuesday evenings by Mr. Henry T. Plant who is a practitioner of Emmanuel Methods. The fee will be $1.00 for the course. The topics to be taken up will be as follows: Aug. 25th—"Relation of

Mind to the Body." Sept. 1st—"Principles Underlying Control of the Body by the Mind." Sept. 8th—"Our Resources for Helping Others." Sept. 15th—"The Conscious, Sub-conscious and Unconscious Mind." Sept. 22nd—"The Psychology of Prayer."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Plymouth Church, Oakland, plans to dedicate its new edifice early in October.

During the last year Christian Endeavor membership in California advanced from 28,000 to 35,000.

Just as The Pacific is about to go to press this week word comes of the death of the Rev. W. H. Cooke at Pittsburg.

The Pacific is printed now at 45 Ecker street, instead of 447 Minna street. It is a narrow street running from Market to Mission between First and Second.

Next Sunday will be Rally Day in the Sunday-school of the First Congregational Church of Oakland. The aim is to have an attendance of not less than 500.

Professor Tolson, of Pacific Theological Seminary, discussed the present European Situation before the Pilgrim Club of the First Church of Berkeley last Sunday.

Since the opening of the University this year the attendance at the services of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley taxes the seating capacity to the utmost.

The Rev. Roy H. Campbell and family of Palo Alto returned last week from the East. After the mid-week meeting a reception was given them in the church parlors.

Next Monday, at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, the Rev. Roy Campbell of Palo Alto will speak on "Billy Sunday in Colorado Springs and the Mother Church at Boston—A Contrast in Religion."

The People's Bible Class, under the leadership of Professor Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary, is one of the new groups for Bible study in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley. "How the Old Testament Originated" is the topic for next Sunday at 12:30.

The Rev. George Willett and family of San Luis Obispo have taken residence in Berkeley. Mr. Willett's last regular pastorate was at San Luis Obispo about five years ago. Since that time he has been in charge of the public library there and has supplied a nearby Presbyterian pulpit part of the time.

The regular annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will be held Wednesday, September 2, in San Francisco at the First Presbyterian Church, Van Ness avenue and Sacramento street. Morning session begins at ten o'clock. Luncheon will be served for twenty-five cents. Afternon session at half-past one.

Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Tenney are enjoying their life and work at Watsonville much more than they anticipated. Mrs. Tenney wrote last week in a letter to a friend: "The people are most cordial, and Mr. Tenney likes his new line of work very much. We take many automobile trips about the region, which makes a very pleasing diversion. Best of all Mr. Tenney is filling a much felt want in my father's life and business.

Mr. Palmer of Plymouth Church, Oakland, began last Sunday a series of Sunday evening sermons which he announced as "Sermons Growing from Books." A note on the calendar read: "Sermons grow out of many soils—the Bible, current events, great poems, the out-of-doors, and, best of all, personal experience. A tolerably useful variety may grow out of books! They enable the minister to share with others his vacation reading and meet in part the educational responsibility of the pulpit." The topics are: "Values and Limitations of the Glad Game." (Based on Pollyanna). "Seventy Years of Service." (Based on Andrew D. White's Autobiography). "If not the I. W. W. —What?" (Based on Brook's American Syndicalism). "The Longest Foolish War in History." (Based on Andrew D. White's "Warfare of Science and Theology"). "Is the Call of the Carpenter by Bouck White a possible interpretation of the Life of Jesus?" "Crowds." (Based on a great little book by Gerald Stanley Lee).

The Rev. Chester Ferris enters on the pastorate of Park Church, Los Angeles, the first of September. The Corona local paper said of Mr. Ferris when he resigned there: "Since Mr. Ferris came to Corona the local church has about doubled in membership, there being fully two hundred new members added since April, 1907. During his ministry in this city there has been a costly edifice erected on the church property at the corner of Ramona and Eighth at the cost of $35,000. It will be remembered that the Congregational church in this city is the pioneer in the Brotherhood movement here and at the present time has an organization numbering about sixty, which is quite an active feature in the church and social life of this city. Mr. Ferris has been an exceedingly strong citizen, ever prompted by motives of right and justice, more liberal in his views on religious matters than the average minister believes he has a right to be, and one in whom sincerity is a cardinal virtue. His influence for good in this community will be greatly missed, not entirely by those with whom he comes in contact on Sunday, but also by a large number of non-church goers and busines men on the stret, who appreciate, in a measure, his worth."

NORTHWEST WASHINGTON NOTES.

Everett.—On Aug. 2nd Rev. Lester L. West, D.D., concluded his ministry with this church. Compelled to resign owing to failing health, he leaves in Everett the memory of an unusual spiritual ministry. Few preachers deliver such uniformly good sermons, Sunday by Sunday, as Dr. West. The sermon preached at the annual conference and summer assembly at Burton, Vashon Island, was a masterpiece. It is to be published with other sermons in October. The volume will be published by the Young Ladies' Club of Everett church to preserve for wider usefulness some fragments of a choice ministry. Dr. West, accompanied by Mrs. West, is on his way to Long Beach, Cal., where he will spend the days of well earned retirement with his daughter.

Bellingham, Warren Morse, pastor.—The church voted to keep the morning service through the summer, instead of closing for the month of August as in former years. Last Sunday Mr. Morse exchanged pulpits with Rev. R. M. Pratt, of Snohomish, and both preachers addressed good audiences.

Anacortes, J. D. Hudson, pastor.—The work of this church is well maintained during the summer season and gives evidence of excellent leadership. The meeting of

the Northwestern Association is scheduled to be held here on Nov. 10, but the place and date may have to be changed to fit in with the itinerary of Secretary Herring.

Machias.—Machias and five other points are being cared for by Rev. D. E. Wilson, formerly of Spokane, who is energetically visiting the people and putting the churches on a good foundation. He has enough work for three men.

Index.—Rev. W. B. Fisher has resigned and the work will be supplied for the present by the Presbyterian pastor at Skykomish. Leavenworth and Sultan are with pastors.

The Home.

THE THINGS PEOPLE SAY.

Blundering Remarks and Other Offenses of the Tongue.

"Sticks and stones
May break my bones,
But words can never hurt me,"

runs the foolish rhyme. As if bones or the body were all that could be hurt!

Some persons are endowed with a fine sense of fitness which leads them to say the right thing at the right time. Others go wrong from their cradles, making blunders; they seem unconscious of this unfortunate propensity, or, recognizing it, assume that the failing cannot be corrected, but is as much a part of themselves as the color of their eyes and the size of their feet and hands. Sometimes they actually glory, audibly, in what they are pleased to call their "bluntness" or "frankness."

"You know I always say what I think," explained one disagreeably-outspoken young woman.

"Then please don't think often!" retorted her honest brother.

Why there is supposed to be a peculiar virtue in voicing the disagreeable things and in keeping silence on pleasant topics has never been explained. As soon as some persons say, "Now I am going to speak very frankly to you," the hearer sits back and holds tight, bracing himself for something that will make him wince and, perhaps, writhe.

While flattery is poor taste, surely there are enough pleasant truths that may be spoken without casting about in one's mind for unpleasant ones. If one's friend's clothes fit well, why not say so, instead of remarking that that particular shade of gray is very trying to a sallow complexion, of which the wearer is the conscious possessor?

A woman donned a hat which she feared was unbecoming. It had seemed pretty when she purchased it, but in front of her own mirror she had her doubts. On her way down town she met a friend and asked her anxiously,

"Do you like this hat?"

"No!" was the prompt reply. "Why did you get it?"

Now I am not arguing that the friend in question should have lied. But there are things she might have said which would have been less disconcerting to the owner of the unfortunate head-covering. It would have been easy to reply truthfully, "It always takes a little time to become accustomed to a new hat, don't you think so?" or, "Don't you like it yourself? It is a popular shape this season." Yes, she could have made any one of a dozen similar and equally innocuous remarks. Not strictly truthful? Well, perhaps not, but very kind, and certainly the recording angel, who is purported to keep score of our utterances, would have blurred the record of this harmless deception.

Some persons do not even decline an invitation with the suavity it warrants. "I can't come next week—I am too busy to go anywhere!" a woman responded when asked to take tea at the house of an acquaintance whom she disliked. And yet the would-be-hostess had intended a kindness in asking the woman to her home.

The things people say! Who of us cannot recall them by the score—things that have amused, cut, angered and exasperated us?

"It must comfort you to remember that although all the other members of the family are clever, you are an ideal mother," remarked one well-meaning woman.

It was a comfort, and such was needed to one who had just been informed that she was the only member of the family who was not clever.

"I don't see," said another outspoken acquaintance, "why you do not send stories to So-and-So's Magazine. I was looking at it the other day, and they do publish the poorest stuff! I should think any one could get her stories accepted there. Why don't you try?"

Blessed is she who can bring her sense of humor to bear upon such a statement, and who can smile at it! This is, after all, the only attention it deserves. To be hurt by such a speech would be ridiculous.

A trained nurse, lacking in the ability to say the right thing at the right time, was preparing a patient for a minor operation.

"I am glad," she said, "that I have come on this case just now, for it does not promise to be a serious one, and my last three patients have been fearfully ill and have finally died. I declare"—with a little laugh—"there seems to be a sort of fatality about my cases lately!'

Yet she meant well; she simply did not think.

If one cannot be tactful, one might, at least have good taste. That is something that can be cultivated. To illustrate: At a reception last winter a woman who prides herself upon her social eminence swept up to a little woman in black who was chatting with several friends.

"How do you do, my dear Mrs. Blank!" exclaimed the gorgeously-arrayed matron. "I am glad to see you out again. I have not had a glimpse of you since you buried your little daughter—two years ago, wasn't it?"

That woman's taste was wrong, whatever her birth or wealth.

A physician whose taste needed treatment was he who, last winter, at a dinner table, went into particulars with regard to the mutilation of the body of the victim of an automobile accident.

In another class of remarks are the illnatured things that people say. One is seldom more tempted to believe in human depravity than when one hears the unneccessarily sharp speeches that are outlets for petty spite. Of course there is some bitter feeling back of them, but that does not detract from their odiousness. It is, I fancy, a conceded fact that sectarian and denominational jealousy gives rise to some of the most unkind remarks that are ever uttered. I remember, as a girl, having my enthusiastic eulogiums on a sermon checked by an older woman who remarked:

"The preacher you heard to-day is of the — Church, is he not? Can any good come out of Nazareth?"

I was too young to dare to ask her what good could come of such a narrow and bigoted spirit as she had just evinced, but the speech hurt and rankled.

Then there are the would-be witty things that people say. There are those who would sacrifice a friend to an epigram and lacerate a heart for a bon mot. They establish, as it were a "center" in the brain for sarcasm, and friends and foes alike suffer from it. There is no more cruel weapon

than sarcasm, except its base-born brother, ridicule. To "damn with faint praise" were a kindness compared with laughing a thing out of court. It is easier to pardon the man who steals our purse than the man who makes us appear ridiculous. I heard a good man say:

"The person I have found it hardest to forgive is a certain man who, years ago, made me an object of ridicule for himself and others. I can pardon my enemies, but that man has done more to put my soul in a state of bitterness whenever I think of him than any one else in the world. And it is just because he laughed at me and made others do the same. I feel that I am weak and petty to mind it, but I do!"

It is not a small thing to have lighted such fires of anger and resentment in the heart or soul of any human being as a derisive laugh will kindle.

There are times when to say anything seems hazardous. The man who advised, "When in doubt, say nothing," was wise in his generation. If one cannot say anything about the subject under discussion without offending the taste or the feelings of his hearers, that is the time that silence is golden.

Perhaps it is never of purer gold than when it prevents criticism of people and things. The spirit of the age is a critical one, and the habit of seeking for flaws is readily acquired and difficult to unlearn. There are those whom one would never choose as companions to theatre, concert, lecture, or even to an afternoon tea, if one would have a pleasant time, as one would be sure of a running accompaniment of critical and censorious remarks. If people cannot enjoy things themselves, why not let others enjoy them?

Many persons appear to think that criticism proves superiority. Such an one sat next to a friend who was enraptured by an exquisite violin solo, rendered by a performer of international reputation. As the last strain died away and a storm of appluse broke forth, the critic shrugged her shoulders.

"Really," she said, "I cannot see why there is so much fuss made over that man. To me his playing seems very mediocre."

Had her breeding been more than mediocre she would have kept silent when she noticed the enjoyment of her companion. But she felt, as do many, that in criticism of and skepticism with regard to everything in Heaven above and the earth beneath (especially in Heaven above) they give evidence of rare intellectual endowments. Let us hope they have their reward in a consciousness of superiority. To the simple-hearted, the critic appears as an object to be pitied. They feel as did Stevenson when he heard of Matthew Arnold's death, and exclaimed,

"Poor Arnold! He won't like God!"

After all, we commonplace people enjoy most the companionship of the persons who make us feel comfortable. —Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

For The Children.

HOW THE DOLLS CAME HOME.

Nan had not been good to them; for there they lay on the floor, half-dressed, with uncombed hair and unwashed faces. Genevieve had a sprained ankle, and Eleanor had a wounded hand, and they both lay crumpled up, face downward, in a corner, alone and forgotten; for Nan, the make-believe-little-girl mother had gone away to the country for the summer, and had left them in this plight.

Nobody knows how long they might have lain there and what might have happened if Miss Hanson, who lived on the top floor, had not chanced to spy them and taken them to her room.

"These poor children should be taken to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Dolls," she said to Nan's mother, and then an idea came into her head. "I'll tell you what we will do," she said. "We will dress these two poor things up in new clothes and get them ready for Christmas. I will write to their mother, and tell her I have found two destitute children, and taken them to the Children's Society to be taken care of; and that, when she comes home, she may have them come to see her, perhaps. That will be a great joke, won't it?" and Miss Hanson, who sewed in one of the big department stores, took the wretched dolls upstairs with her.

A fews days later she wrote to Nan, and told her she had found two badly treated, deserted children, without clothing and in a miserable condition, alone in a lodging house; that she was getting colthes for them; and that she hoped to find a home for them with some kind person who would take care of them properly.

The little girl in New Hampshire was having such a good time up among the hills that she had no time to think of dolls; but she was a tender-hearted little girl and was sorry for the destitute children, and she was also very angry with the "cruel mother" who had deserted them. She wrote every week or two, and asked a great many questions about them; but Miss Hanson answered only in a general way that they were doing well, and were being clothed by a woman who was sorry for them.

"I wonder how she can take care of them if nobody will take them," Nan said to her grandmother; "for, you know, grandma, she has a little, wee room that is hardly enough for one person, much less three! It must take a good deal to feed two children. It is so good of Miss Hanson, isn't it, grandma?"

When October came and Nan came back to town, she went straight to Miss Hanson.

"How good you are," exclaimed the little girl, "Oh, dear, I wish I had been as good to my dolls as you were to the children you found! They have been kidnapped—lost—my Genevieve and Eleanor,—and I shall never see them again," and Nan wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron as she sobbed out her grief on Miss Hanson's shoulder.

"Kidnapped? Well, perhaps they may be found some day. Who knows?"

This did not comfort the little girl.

"The police never, never take any notice of lost—d-dolls," she sobbed, " and they are gone, gone!" Of course the loss of the doll children was a genuine grief, and Nan was sad; but there were lessons and roller-skating and story books that helped to lessen the sorrow a good deal. Then, too, Christmas was coming, with all the delicious mystery of the season! Christmas Eve came at last; and, just while Nan was cuddling up in her bed, Miss Hnson knocked at the door.

"I came to tell you that I thought I would bring those two children over to-morrow if you would like to see them," she said, and Nan gave a little scream of delight as she sat up in bed and began to ask questions. "What are they like? Are they good? Are they Italians, or anything foreign like that?"

"Goodness! How can I answer all that at once! Let me see. One is dark and one is fair, and they are both very good: they don't ask questions as you do, and have not cried once since I took them. Will you be ready for them tomorrow morning by half-past eight?"

"Yes, yes," cried Nan, " and I'll divide my things with them."

The next morning Nan's mother heard a noise at the door before the little girl was dressed. She stepped out in the hall and then called, "Nan, those little children are here: don't you want to see them?"

"But, mother, I am not dressed yet. What will they think? What shall I call them?"

"Oh, just put on your kimona, and give them a greeting, dear: it's cold in the hall."

Nan thrust her feet into her new pink slippers, folded her kimona around her, and ran into the hall. As she opened the door, there, sitting against the stair railing, were Genevieve and Eleanor, exquisitely frocked, bonneted, and cloaked, just as smiling as if they had never been "deserted, destitute children" at all.

"Oh, you darlings!" cried the little girl, as she embraced the tiny creatures rapturously. "Oh! you beauties!" Truly they were very elegant. Genevieve wore a lovely rose-colored cashmere dress trimmed with lace and ribbon, and a lovely white hat with a white feather, and the most fascinating long blue cloak made with tassels and loops, and a hood, just like a real person. Eleanor, who was fair, wore a sky-blue dress, and a blue coat, and a blue silk bonnet lined with white that was the exact image of the baby's upstairs; and both of them had hand-made underclothes, all ruffled and tucked and feather-stitched, that could button and unbutton, hook and unhook, as easily as Nan's own!

After Nan had kissed them, she found a wee note under Genevieve's coat. This was what she read:—

"How do you do, mother? We are glad to be at home! If we had not been left so destitute, we would not have been kidnapped; but the good kidnapper took care of us. We have such beautiful clothes now, perhaps you will take us with you next summer when you go away. But please keep our clothes clean, for we are very careful ourselves! We love you and are glad to come back to our own home and our darling little mother.

"Your lost doll-children,
Genevieve and Eleanor."

I am glad, too," said Nan, as she tucked the doll's letter back in its place. "Just think what dreadful things I thought about your mother, dears! But she is never, never, never, going to be a cruel mother any more!"—Pauline Bouve' in The Christian Register.

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